

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



DAVY'S INTRODUCTION TO HIS NEW MESSMATES.

AN OLD SAILOR'S STORY.

CHAPTER XII.—ON BOARD THE "DOVER CASTLE."

It was a week, I think, before I recovered from the effects of my long immersion; and during this time I knew very little of what was going on around me. I was conscious, however, of being in a comfortable berth, forward, and of being well cared for by several strange sailors, and also by a gentleman, whom I

knew readily enough to be a surgeon; but especially by Ned Finn, who, it seemed, had suffered very little permanently from the accident. At length I regained strength, and gladly enough left my quarters below, to breathe the fresh air on deck.

I looked around me, I remember, with astonishment and admiration. I had never before been on board a larger vessel than our cutter; and now I was treading the deck of a full-rigged merchant

ship of heavy burden, and well manned. A rather brisk wind was filling her sails, and the men on deck were actively employed. Among them I soon recognised Edward Finn, who, the next minute, was by my side.

"Well, Master Davy, do you know where you are?" he asked, touching his cap as he spoke, whereat I wondered, as also at his putting, as he would have said, "a handle to my name."

"No, Ned; where are we? and what ship is this? and where are we going?" I asked these three rather comprehensive questions all in one breath.

"You have heard of the Bay of Biscay, Master Davy?"

"Yes," said I; "of course—'There we lay, all the day, in the Bay of Biscay, oh.'"

"That's it, Mr. Blake: and that's where we are at this present time," said Ned.

"What do you mean by calling me 'Mr. Blake,' and 'Master Davy,' and by touching your cap, and all that sort of thing, Ned? Don't make fun of me, please."

"I ben't making fun of you, Davy," replied Ned, cautiously. "Look here, Davy; I'll tell you all about it. But, first, I may as well answer your other questions; and so, we are aboard the 'Dover Castle,' merchantman, outward-bound to Calcutta—that's in Ingee, Davy, as I dare say you know—with Capt'n Phipps, commander: that's where we are, and where we are bound."

"We going there? But suppose we don't want to go there."

"I don't see how we can well help it or hinder it," said he coolly. "I don't see that we have much choice about it. Just say, Davy, how you mean to get off, and I'm willing."

A moment's reflection told me that, whether we liked it or not, we were fast shut up, for the present, in the ship which had providentially saved us from a watery grave. And by a revulsion of mind something like that which makes a virtue of necessity, I became all at once enamoured at the prospect of the voyage before us, and signified as much to Ned.

"Glad to hear you say so, Master Davy," he said; "for it is about the best thing that could have happened to both of us; and now I'll tell you how I've smoothed the way for you out of the fokes'ell (forecastle). You haven't forgot the night when we was picked up, Davy?"

"I should think not, Ned"—with a shudder.

"Well, next morning the skipper has me aft. 'Who are you?' says he. I tells him. 'How came you to be adrift on that raft?' says he. 'Run down, capt'n,' says I, humble-like; 'run down and craft sunk; all the rest of the crew, nowhere; only the boy and I got off safe as I knows on.' He axes me a lot more questions, Davy, sharp-like, and I answered him with my weather eye open; nothing about the 'Sally' being—you know 'what, Davy. A coaster, I calls her: and so she was, wasn't she? 'And what boy is that we have picked up along with you?' 'A young gentleman,' I says, 'son of one of the owners; comed on board for a bit of a spree; that's what I said to that, Davy,' continued Ned, speaking very confidentially.

"Oh, Ned!"

"Why, 'twas all true; you know that, Davy."

I could not deny that, to a considerable extent, this *was* all true; but I was curious to know why Ned, who had determined at one time to take the gentleman out of me, should now be so anxious to put it into me again.

"Don't you see, Davy? That's because you don't know yet what a boy's life before the mast is. I do."

"Well, Ned, go on."

"I haven't much more to tell you; only then the skipper says, 'What am I to do with a gentleman's son or you aboard?' But I twigg'd a smile on his phiz, and saw he was a good-natured chap, so I told him I was an able seaman, and would work my passage out without wages, and perhaps he'd give you a passage. And so 'tis partly agreed, Davy, that you're to go aft—you understand."

"But, Ned"—I looked round, and Ned was gone. I was not left alone long, however; a few minutes afterwards I was in the captain's cabin. He was rough enough in his manner and speech, but he was kind. He did not ask me many questions, but told me that as I was a young gentleman, as he understood, and as my own story (though I had spoken scarcely twenty words in all) proved me to be, I should be treated as such; and, without lengthening this part of my narrative, I was introduced the same day to a little knot of lads and youths who were serving as midshipmen on board the "Dover Castle," and was told to consider myself a supernumerary member of their "mess."

Captain Phipps further befriended me by supplying me with a good many necessaries in the way of clothing; and the passengers—there were several on board—raised a subscription for me, which enabled me, under Ned's direction, and out of the ship's stores, to supply myself with what else I needed. My messmates were kind to me also—after their fashion; and as I had not been very delicately handled, either at Mr. Dozer's school or on board the lost cutter, I got on pretty well among them.

And I could not but be touched with the consideration my old friend Finn had shown on my behalf. At a word from him, I might have been condemned to the most menial offices on board ship—might have herded with the lowest of the crew, and been their football and slave. Instead of this, by a dexterous line of conduct, and really without any straining of truth, though perhaps there was a little suppression of it, he had insured for me the chance, at least, of tolerable treatment, and other advantages yet more important if more distant.

CHAPTER XIII.—HUGH LAWRENCE.

If my readers expect from me a minute and detailed account of a long voyage, they will find themselves disappointed. They would be disappointed if I were to attempt such an account; for of all descriptions, that of a prosperous voyage is perhaps one of the most monotonous.

But if I am not to write of the voyage, I may say of myself, that I did not lead an idle life nor an

easy one on board the "Dover Castle." I had to take my full share of all the duties exacted of my companions in the midshipman's mess—was roused in the middle of the night with the starboard watch, of which the second mate was the officer: he was a tyrant, and a bully also, as almost all tyrants are; by him I was ordered aloft to assist in furling and reefing, was mast-headed, once in three days on an average, for neglect of duty, or awkwardness, or ignorance; was made to help swab the decks bare-footed, daily: but this was no hardship, rather a positive luxury, the weather being hot throughout the entire voyage; I was often kept waking when I would rather have been asleep, and hungry when I should have preferred being satisfied. All these are matters of course.

What was not so much a matter of course, I received daily lessons in the science of navigation from the first mate, who required all the "youngsters," as he called us, to work out daily the ship's reckoning. This was the most irksome of all my duties at that time, until I became accustomed to it and interested in it; but the practical knowledge I then acquired was the means, some time afterwards, of saving my life, as I shall have occasion to tell in a future chapter.

But I have to tell of other matters first; and one of these is Hugh Lawrence. Hugh was one of my messmates; he was also in the starboard watch, and this brought us often together. He was a tall handsome youth, three or four years older than I, and I took a liking to him from the first day of our acquaintance. I had other reasons for this, far beyond his good looks in general, and his open laughing countenance in particular: he was more kind to me than any one else; he pitied my destitution, and generously made me a present of three or four good shirts, and as many pairs of socks: more than this, he shielded me, as far as he was able, from the rough practical jokes of our messmates, until I got used to them; and still more than this, he encouraged me to perseverance and obedience, and helped me very much in overcoming the difficulties in the study to which I have referred.

I could not conceive, at first, why Mr. Wheeler, the second mate, should entertain such a spite against Hugh, as he evidently did entertain; but I found it out before long.

"He is a great brute," I said one day to Hugh, after witnessing a blow which the second mate had given him, apparently for no reason except that of mere vindictiveness—a blow which left its mark on Hugh's cheek, but which he bore in silence; "he is a great brute, Hugh; I wonder you stand it as you do."

"Why, what would you do, Davy?" said he, with a pleasant smile, though his face burned and his lips quivered with pain.

"Slap into him again," said I.

"No, I don't think you would: I hope you would not, Davy."

"I would, though, being as big and strong as you are, Hugh. Why, you could thrash him if you had a mind."

"Perhaps I could: I shouldn't wonder if I could, if I were to try; but I don't mean to try."

For a moment I thought, "You must be a big coward, then, after all;" but in my heart I knew better than this. I knew that a coward would never bear up bravely and cheerfully, as Hugh did, under such frequent ill usage; that a coward would not hazard his life, as I knew Hugh had once done, by plunging into the sea to rescue from drowning a boy who had accidentally fallen overboard, when every other sailor on board shrunk from it, through fear of the sharks. I had heard this story, and I think it was at the very beginning—the root and foundation—of my admiration for Hugh. No, I knew he was not a coward, or he would not have stood the frequent laugh, levelled good-humouredly, it is true, at his daily custom of looking into a pocket Bible, and of bending the knee in prayer before turning into his berth. I knew by this that he could not be a coward; and I knew also that no one on board ever accused him of cowardice. He was, in fact, the smartest middy in the set, the readiest always to obey orders when obedience involved danger, and the first to make light of danger—personal danger—when it was passed. But why, then, did he quietly bear the indignities of the tyrant mate? and why were they especially heaped upon him?

"Why don't you mean to try?" I wanted to know.

"Because it would be wrong to try," he replied, calmly. "I came on board to learn to be a sailor; and I have got to pass through the training, though it is a rough one; that's one reason."

"But Mr. Wheeler has no right to knock you about for nothing, Hugh."

"That's his look-out," said Hugh, light-heartedly: "I am more sorry for him than for myself, after all."

"Hugh!"

"You don't believe me, perhaps; but I really am. Don't you see that it is more degrading and disgraceful to him than it is to me?"

No; I certainly did not see this, at that time. It was contrary to all the maxims I had ever known or heard quoted. To strike a younger and weaker boy had been reckoned cowardly at school, to be sure; but to receive a blow and not to return it, with interest if possible, was always said to be degrading.

"You do not seem to understand it," continued Hugh, when he saw my look of dissent.

"No, I don't," said I.

"Well, perhaps you will some day, Davy; but, setting aside this, it would be very foolish in me to turn upon Mr. Wheeler. Don't you know it would be mutiny?"

I did not know much about mutiny at that time, only I remembered that at school a big boy had not only refused to obey an usher, but had fought with him and overpowered him, and this was called mutiny by Mr. Dozer, though it led to no very terrible results, the boy being a favourite, and the usher being anything but that with the master.

"Well, what if it would be mutiny?" I rejoined.

"Why, I should be punished, of course."

"Not if you were in the right, and the mate in the wrong," I argued, sturdily.

"But that would put me in the wrong, though it might not put him in the right," replied Hugh. "Look ye, Davy; you may as well know, and you cannot know too soon, that discipline must be preserved at all events on board ship; that the captain is an absolute monarch, and the officers not much short of it on a lower scale. You understand that, I should think, Davy?"

"So they are to do just what they like with a fellow? Is that it, Hugh?"

"Pretty nearly, Davy. At any rate, it is rather hazardous work to rebel against them."

"Not if they knock a fellow about for nothing," I said, sticking to my text.

"Ay; but you'll find it pretty much so, Davy, if you keep to the sea. You will have to bear it, or worse."

"What do you mean by worse, Hugh?" I wished to know, rather uneasily; for I had half made up my mind that if Mr. Wheeler ever served me as he was in the habit of behaving to Hugh, I would kick his shins, if I could do nothing else.

"Well, supposing you were in the Royal Navy," answered my mentor, quietly, "and you were to strike a superior officer, whatever might be the provocation, I believe you would be liable to be shot, or strung up at the yard-arm."

"You don't mean hung, do you?"

"Yes, Davy."

"But then we are not in the Royal Navy," said I, recoiling.

"No; and being in the merchant service, you would be put in irons, perhaps, and kept in confinement; and after that you might be flogged, disgraced, put before the mast as a foremast-man—not very pleasant, Davy. Better to bear a little buffeting, or even a great deal, than run that risk, I think."

"I would almost bear all that, if I were you, Hugh, than be ill-used by Mr. Wheeler, as you are," said I, impetuously.

"I don't think you would, Davy. For, just consider: I have taken to the sea as a profession, and I mean to stick to it, rough or smooth. But if I were to do as you say, all my prospects would be destroyed; I should go home to my friends, disgraced; and I should have to bear my own self-reproaches, which, I expect, would be harder and heavier than a little injustice, which, after all, is nothing—nothing. Davy, when you are used to it," he added laughing.

I must be pardoned for recording the foregoing conversation, because, though it puzzled me, and even irritated my boyish feelings at the time, it afterwards, when I turned it over and over in my mind, wrought a salutary effect on me, especially when I came, in course of time, to understand the deep Christian principle which so regulated the temper of a naturally high-spirited and impatient youth, as to lead him lovingly to copy the example of his Divine Master, who, "when he was reviled, reviled not again, when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously."

I wrote just now, that I soon found out the cause of Mr. Wheeler's spite against Hugh Lawrence. It had its origin in a hatred of religion, and a bitter

persecuting spirit. The fact is, when Hugh first entered the "Dover Castle," some two or three years before, he was subjected to no small amount of derision and annoyance on account of his scrupulous conduct in many particulars, and especially because of his open and avowed regard for the Bible, and his determination not to live prayerless, even among the prayerless. After a time, however, seeing that he could not be moved from his purposes, and really liking him for his good temper and generosity, his mess companions gradually left off persecuting him, except that they sometimes turned his harmless peculiarities, as they called them, into a good-natured jest. In fact, Hugh Lawrence had "lived down" persecution, except in the breast of the second mate, where it appeared to have concentrated, and to rage with violence which no uncomplaining submission, cheerful patience, and undeviating obedience, could tame. Mr. Wheeler hated, positively hated, Hugh Lawrence because he was a Christian.

CHAPTER XIV.—A CLOUD IN THE HORIZON.

I HAVE not much more to tell concerning this voyage to Calcutta. The less, personally, because I could rarely get speech of Ned Finn. He was not even in the same watch with me; and though at other times our duties brought us into contact, he took care to betray no undue familiarity, and to avoid confidential intercourse. I understood by this that he wished to keep up my dignity for me; but I was not the less troubled by his ceremonious respect and reticence. I think I would gladly have abated some considerable degree of the consequence he had thrust upon me, and would even have consented to take my chance in the fore-castle, on condition of holding free communication with my old friend and protector. I understood from him, however, that he "wasn't a-going to hearken to any such nonsense," and I accordingly bore, though I chafed under, the restrictions he laid upon me. But he could not prevent my urging him, on one occasion, to tell me all he knew about my father, though even then I could get no satisfactory answer.

"That's too ticklish, Davy," said he, under breath; "I hadn't ought to have let out what I did. Wait till we get to England again, and then mayhap you'll know all that's to be knowed." Beyond this I could not draw him.

The voyage was ended at last. We had had fair weather almost all the passage out, and Captain Phipps was in high spirits and good humour. He might have turned Ned and me adrift in India if he had chosen; but he did nothing of the sort. He offered us our passage back again, and gave Ned seaman's wages as well. Perhaps he was glad of an able seaman, and had found Ned to be an excellent one; besides, two or three of the crew deserted at Calcutta: not that we were, on this account, less indebted to the captain for his kindness.

I may pass over the next few weeks, while our ship was in port; not because I did not see something of a sailor's life ashore at this time, but because more stirring incidents are before me. I shall therefore only say that in due course the return cargo was shipped, and the "Dover Castle" was slowly sailing down the Hooghly.

Hitherto I had experienced few of the perils of a sailor's life; for, as I have intimated, our outward bound voyage was favourable; but I was soon to learn that there are other dangers in navigation than that of being run down on a dark night.

"Do you see that, Davy?" The speaker was Hugh Lawrence. It was a glorious starlight, moonlight night. A gentle breeze was just filling the sails, and no more, while it fanned our cheeks refreshingly, after the heat of a tropical day. It was our watch on deck; but everything seemed so quiet and secure, that the duties of the watch were being lazily performed by almost all concerned.

"I see nothing," said I, glancing with indifference towards the quarter of the horizon at which he pointed, as we leaned over the bulwarks.

"Not a cloud?" said he.

I looked again; I did not think there was a single cloud in the sky; but, following his direction, I perceived just a little speck: the hand extended at its utmost stretch could have covered it; but a cloud there certainly was, a very dark one, too.

"What of it, Hugh?"

"I don't know yet: wait a minute;" and my companion seemed to be watching the little cloud with an intentness and anxiety that amused me.

"See now!"

I looked again: not half a minute had passed, but the whole horizon, in that direction, had changed to a leaden hue, which, as we gazed on it, deepened into blackness.

"What does it mean, Hugh?"

"It means a squall," said Hugh, and he looked up at the full set sails: "there will be work for us directly, Davy," said he.

There was a man at the helm, of course; but he was drowsy and stupid. Mr. Wheeler was reclining against the capstan asleep. The remainder of the watch were scattered over the deck in groups or singly; but the signs of approaching danger had been hitherto lost upon them.

"Please to look thereaway, Mr. Wheeler," said Hugh, rousing him; and he once more stretched out his hand to the eastern horizon. In the short space of time which had elapsed since that little speck of a cloud made its appearance, the whole aspect of the sky had changed. A wild gloom was spreading like an unfolding curtain, and almost with the rapidity of lightning; the stars had disappeared as though by magic, but yet the wind was gentle as before; indeed, the air was more calm and quiet, for the sails flapped heavily against the masts, and the ship lay motionless on the still water. It was the calm before a storm.

Mr. Wheeler did not need to be further roused; and in another moment the ship presented a scene of activity strangely at variance with the previous apathy and carelessness. The cry of "hands shorten sail!" resounded throughout the ship. "In top-gallant-sails," "lower away the top-sails; up courses, away aloft!" And almost as soon as the words were shouted, the rigging swarmed with eager sailors, furling every sail; while the men of the larboard watch, roused from their light slumbers by the alarm, were seen scrambling on to deck to lend a hand in preparing for the threatening danger.

The first to spring to the rigging was the second mate, and he was followed by Hugh Lawrence, and he again by the men whose duty it was to furl the main-top-sail. They had already reached the yard; the second mate and Hugh ran out to the opposite yard arms (the post of honour in reefing), when the cry, "A man overboard!" was heard; and then a sudden splash alongside.

ANIMAL MUMMIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CURIOSITIES OF NATURAL HISTORY."

THERE always is, and always will be, great interest attached to the relics of the past, whether the object of examination be the wedding hooped dress and high-heeled shoes of our great-great-grandmother, dug up under a stratum of long rejected wearing apparel from an old cupboard, or whether it be a mummy which has for thousands of years past reposed in dignified obscurity in some dark and gloomy Egyptian catacomb.

We all well know the appearance of a human mummy—how, with its great staring eyes, it seems to reproach us as rude disturbers of its rest; and how, after a long and thoughtful contemplation, a feeling creeps over us that it is still alive. This feeling may account for the credulity of a certain countryman, who was told by the porter at the British Museum that he could not go in that day because *one of the mummies was dead*, which, as they say, was believed by the visitor.

The ancient Egyptians, however, did not confine that embalming propensity to their kings, princes, friends, and relations alone; they embalmed almost every animal, both tame and wild. When the domestic puss was ill, or presented a larger family than her circumstances warranted her to preserve in life, instead of tying a stone round the sick animal's neck, and throwing her into the Nile, or drowning the ugliest of her kittens, they sent for the embalmer (who, we may conjecture, also held the office of cat's-meat man to the citizens of ancient Thebes), and in course of time puss was returned properly prepared, in the form of a mummy, ready to be put up in the ranks of her feline ancestors, who had already added to the shelf containing

"Five hundred pussy cats all of a row."

I have now before me the embalmed body of an old tom cat, who, centuries ago, caterwauled on the housetops of Thebes, or caught mice and lizards in her nocturnal ramblings round the Pyramids. Poor puss! you must have been a fine cat in your day; your bright yellow coat must have been gently stroked by the hand of your fond mistress, whose form may now, for aught we know to the contrary, be figuring as a curiosity in the British Museum. I think you must have died in pain, or else why close one eye and leave the other open, never to shut again? Why hang out your tongue by the side of your mouth? and why that lump in your back, like the remains of an injury or blow? I wonder if you ever had any legs: there are none now; and if you had, why did your embalmer cut them off, with your tail? and what could he have done with them when they were cut off? Why

did he take out your intestines? Query, were there any fiddle-string makers in those days? and why did he leave your liver and stomach alone in your spice-smelling carcass? I fear the answer—"Mew, mew; what business is that of yours? Nevertheless, as you are a good sort of fellow, and are fond of cats, and drive off the dogs when you see them being persecuted, I will tell you all I know about myself."

REVELATIONS OF AN EGYPTIAN CAT.

"I and my relations were much better treated than our descendants with pointed tails in your country; for your wild cats, with their bushy and stump-ended tails, are no relations of ours, any more than your ancestors, the ancient Britons, were connected with my masters, Messrs. Ptolemy, Rameses, and Co., in whose corn stores I formerly earned my living by catching the mice, for which services I was considered so useful that it was unlawful to kill me or any of my family. Capital punishment followed the act, and this law was rigidly maintained. My friend the dog I am very jealous of, for when I died, the owner of the house where I lived only shaved off his eyebrows (and a pretty guy, his wife said, he was after the operation.) When Pincher (you would not understand or be able to pronounce the Egyptian for Pincher, if I told you) was found dead in the stables, my master shaved his whole head, and then he was obliged to go to the barber's and buy the wig which is now in what you call the British Museum. Your fashionable barbers of Bond Street cannot make wigs like that, now-a-days. I and Pincher died about the same time, and were buried in our private cemetery, in a desert valley near to Beni-Hassan—"all the bystanders manifesting their grief by beating themselves on the breast and uttering doleful cries." (See the 'Illustrated Hieroglyphic News' of the day.)

"Well, in our cemetery was a small temple, excavated in a rock. Monsieur Champollion discovered, from its fine-coloured bas-reliefs, that it was dedicated to the goddess Paseh, the Bubastis of the Greeks, as well as the Diana of the Romans. The temple is surrounded by tombs cut in the rock for sacred cats; and before the temple this enthusiastic Frenchman disturbed our family sepulchre, which contained a mound of mummy cats, folded in mats, mixed with mummy dogs. Not content with this, he also found, further out in the desert plain, two large collections of mummies of cats, in packets, and covered with ten feet of sand. The dogs had another cemetery elsewhere, all to themselves; and one Abd' Allatif said he saw there a heap of mummy dogs, consisting of ten thousand or more. This place answered to the Isle of Dogs of your vaunted metropolis, which has not one pyramid to boast of, and not even the fellow obelisk to Cleopatra's Needle, which your neighbours in Paris think so much of, and which your government once might have had for the bringing.

"You inquire to which of the numerous ancient gods I was sacred. There was once a goddess named Bubastis; she was much persecuted by her lover, whose name was Typhon; he was determined

to elope with her, and locked her up in a room; but she transformed herself into a cat, and got out of the window. When well out of the town, she resumed her form, and ran a long way off, where the inhabitants built a city to her honour, and called it Bubastis; and this place afterwards became our great burying-place. My picture is sometimes placed in connection with that of the god Isis, because it was supposed that there was a certain mysterious sympathy between myself and the moon. The only sympathy that really existed was that, when the moon was shining, my master and mistress went to bed, and I sneaked out of the back-floor window to practise madrigals with my neighbours, or to take a quiet walk round the houses, to see if I could pick up a young chicken or duck for my supper. We had no game preserves then, or I should have visited them most certainly; and the Egyptians were not up to the plan of cutting off our ears to prevent us poaching in the wet coverts at night. Your gamekeepers have learnt this, and think that the wet gets into our heads when the ears are cut off; so it does, but then we go poaching on *dry* nights only.

"I know a wood near London, where there are thirty-two cats which have been shot in a gentleman's covert for killing young pheasants. There they hang by their necks to the lower branches of a big oak tree; and this proves that your country gentlemen still have some superstitious mythological feelings about them; for are not these murdered cats victims to the goddess of hunting? and who is she but Diana? And if you look in the Classical Dictionary, you will see that Bubastis of the Egyptians is the same person as Diana. I wish you folks of modern days would follow the example of the ancient Egyptians, and show us your adoration and respect in a more agreeable fashion than by shooting and hanging us. If you don't believe the story about our being worshipped, and being regarded as sacred animals, go and see our numerous mummies in the British Museum. Look at our smart vari-coloured mummy cloths, and our gilded mummy cases; look at our portraits in various attitudes—seated on the top of a column with a lotus capital, or in domestic bliss, each cat having a kitten before her, all made in much better porcelain than Staffordshire can afford; and see the bronze image of our patron goddess, Bubastis, who has a cat's head on her shoulders, and a smart dress, without crinoline, on her person.

"I think, now, I have told you quite enough; so wrap me up in my mummy cloth, and put me back again into the drawer of your cabinet; and bring out your mummy ibis, and see what that sacred bird has to say for itself."

COTTON—THE FIRST COTTON LORD.

THE immensely increased importation of cotton into this country since the import duty was abolished, with its enormous annual amount at present, is one of the giant material facts of the age, and renders a brief reference to past experiences pertinent and interesting—all the more from the aspect of affairs

in America. The downy substance found in the seed-pod of the cotton plant was first brought to our shores from the markets of the Levant; and from the same quarter, Smyrna, the first seeds were conveyed to the United States, from which the greater part of the supply is now obtained. Bancroft, the historian, has deemed the event worthy of commemoration. "This year, 1621," according to an old record, "the seeds were planted as an experiment, and their plentiful growing up was at that early date a subject of interest." But it was long before any great demand for the produce stimulated the culture. In fact, little more than a quarter of a century has elapsed since the person who imported the first bale of cotton into this country from the States was alive, as well as the individual to whom it was consigned at Liverpool. In the year 1770, three bales were brought from New York, four bales from Virginia and Maryland, and three barrelsful from North Carolina. Not long afterwards, a vessel arrived at Liverpool with eight bales, which were seized by the custom-house officers, who refused to admit the cargo at the lower rate of duty, on the ground that so much cotton could not possibly be transatlantic produce. Towards the close of the century, many planters were of opinion that the market would soon be overstocked, owing to the supply being in excess of the demand. "Well," said one, on looking at his crop, "I'm clean beat now with this cotton-planting. Here is enough to make stockings for all the folks in America." Little was it anticipated that millions would shortly derive the means of subsistence from the manufacture, and scores of millions, in all parts of the globe, have the fabrics in daily use as clothing, while the realization of princely fortunes would be common events, and a cotton manufacturer take his place among the peers of England. For the year 1859, the long line of figures represents the importation, 1,225,989,073 lbs., at the computed real value of £34,559,636 sterling. During that time, we exported £48,202,225 and consumed £24,000,000 worth of cotton fabrics, thus making upwards of £72,000,000, as the value of the entire manufacture.

A vegetable so indispensable to the welfare of the nation, and so largely ministering to the comfort of the human race, merits a few paragraphs. It is one of the twenty-two genera forming the order Malvaceæ, which includes our common mallow, and has the generic name of *Gossypium*. The plant flowers. The flower gives place to a triangular-shaped pod, consisting of several cells, each containing a number of seeds. From the coats of these seeds springs forth the beautiful silky wool characteristic of the genus, which in due time bursts open the pod, and is ready for gathering. There are many varieties, but they are supposed by Dr. Royle to be traceable to four primary species.

1. *Gossypium herbaceum*.—It grows to the height of from two to four or even six feet, resembles a currant bush in verdure, bears a yellow flower, and has seeds covered with a snow-white or greyish down of short staple. It is commonly cultivated in India, China, Arabia, Persia, Asia Minor, and Egypt. A luxuriant field, exhibiting at the same time the expanding blossom, the bursting seed-pod,

and the snowy flakes of ripe cotton, is one of the most beautiful objects in the agriculture of these countries.

2. *G. arboreum*.—The full-grown stem rises from fifteen to twenty feet, bears a red flower, and has seeds covered with a greyish-coloured fur, over which is found a yellowish-white wool. It grows in India, China, Arabia, Egypt, and Western Africa, and is occasionally found in gardens, or near houses, valued for the shade it affords, or for the use of its leaves as an esculent, rather than for its wool.

3. *G. Barbadosense*.—The stem, which rises from six to fifteen feet, has yellow flowers and black seeds, the coats of which yield a long, fine, and easily separable wool. The name refers to the island of Barbadoes, to which it was early transplanted from the east. It is extensively grown in the United States, and produces the varieties of cotton known at Liverpool as Sea-island, New Orleans, Mobile, Upland, Demerara, Berbice, West Indian, long-stapled Egyptian, and Bourbon.

4. *G. Peruvianum*.—This species attains the height of from ten to fifteen feet; it has large leaves, yellow flowers, and seeds adhering to each other covered with a long-stapled wool. It is found in South America, and produces the cotton known in the Liverpool market as Bahia, Pernambuco, Maranhão, and other varieties.

The fibres of cotton wool are cylindrico-spiral tubes, varying in diameter from the $\frac{1}{1000}$ th to the $\frac{1}{100}$ th of an inch, which, when plaited, adhere firmly together. Besides being wrought into wearing apparel, they are reduced to a pulp by means of nitric acid, and thus converted into gun-cotton. The seeds also are used as food for cattle, as well as for manure, and an oil is expressed from them which is employed for many domestic purposes.

The most productive cotton grounds in the United States are maritime. They are famous, likewise, for the quality of the produce denominated "Sea-island," from being raised on the sandy coasts and low islands which border the shores of Georgia and the Carolinas, where the plantations are exposed to the spray of the ocean. It is found that at a certain distance inland the fibre deteriorates—a fact observed with reference to the cultivation in India, Egypt, and the West Indies. The saline properties of the soil and of the atmosphere have thus a beneficial influence upon the growth of the plant, contributing to render the cotton fine and long in the staple. But in Brazil the plantations improve as they recede from the sea, owing to the damps and rains on the coast. Though several crops might be obtained from a single plant, it is generally found most profitable to raise it from the seed every season. In the States, if the weather be fine, and no frosts linger, the sowing commences in March or April, the ground having been well ploughed, and thrown into ridges five or six feet asunder. The seed is sown in holes along the centre of the ridges, several seeds being deposited in each hole. The plants appear, under favourable circumstances, in little more than a week, and are thinned as soon as they put forth the third or fourth leaf. This process is repeated later in the season, so as to leave only one strong plant in a hole, which is usually topped, in order to check

the upward growth, and promote the development of the side branches. Blooming takes place towards the end of May or the beginning of June, and the picking in July or August. The plant is a delicate one, very susceptible of weather influences. Extreme dryness and excess of moisture will curtail the yield. But though both these conditions are experienced at intervals in the United States, there are splendid rivers to supply artificial irrigation in drought, as well as to carry off the surplus water in heavy rains; and hence, cotton cultivation is there so eminently successful. Much injury is also occasionally inflicted by entomological vermin, as the "army-worm," the boll-worm," the "cotton-bug" and "cotton-caterpillar." The crops, therefore, vary in quantity, and the price is a fluctuating element, though not so much so as that of many important articles of agricultural produce, such as corn, potatoes, hops, and vines.

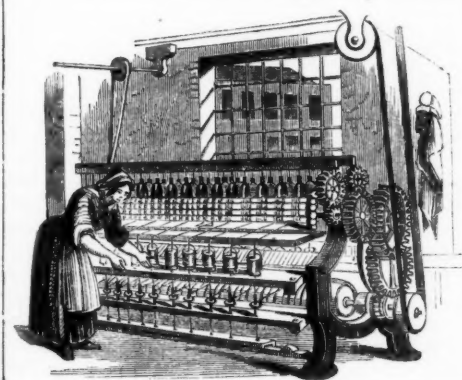
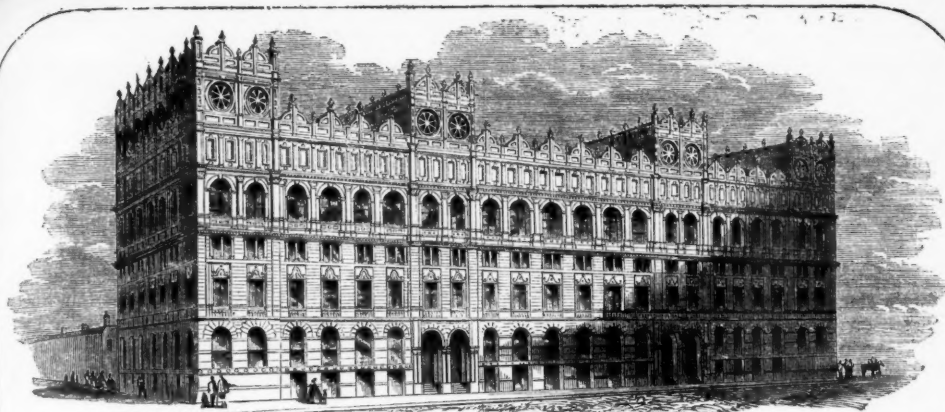
The "vegetable wool," as the ancients termed the product, frequently undergoes much change of place in the process of being transformed into those various and beautiful fabrics which are now the necessities of our condition. The travels of a pound weight of cotton have been written. It came from Guzerat, in India, where it was grown, to the Thames. From London it went to Manchester, where it was spun into yarn; and from Manchester it was sent to Paisley, where it was woven. It was then despatched into Ayrshire, where it was tamboured, returned to Paisley and there veined; afterwards it went to Dumbarton, where it was hand-sewed, and came back to Paisley again. It went next to Renfrew to be bleached, was returned to Paisley, sent to Glasgow to be finished, and was thence forwarded to London. The time occupied in bringing the article to market was three years, from the packing of the raw cotton to its arrival in cloth at the merchant's warehouse. It must have travelled at least 6000 miles, contributed to the support of 150 persons, and had its value increased 2000 per cent.

The early cotton manufacturers of this country were for the most part a hard-working race, living in low wooden houses, subsisting, as we should think, on very coarse fare, attired in fustian on Sundays, and toiling for a simple livelihood. To them succeeded men who managed to lay up a little capital, extended their trade, and took apprentices, but performed the drudgery of common artisan employ, and corresponded in all outward appearances to their predecessors. At the commencement of the Georgian era, your well-to-do Manchester man was in his workshop before six o'clock in the morning, with his children and apprentices. At seven they adjourned for a primitive breakfast. It consisted of a huge mess of oatmeal and water, boiled thick, flavoured with salt, and poured into a dish. By the side of this compost was a pan or bowl of milk. Each, brandishing a wooden spoon, helped himself to the contents of dish and pan as quickly as possible, returning in brief time to work. Occasionally some of the poor neighbouring gentry sent their sons to be apprenticed, tempted by profits of trade, or not knowing what else to do with them. But, though not accustomed to luxurious living at home,

the young gentlemen had little stomach for the porridge, and much less for such *infra dig.* labour as turning warping mills, and carrying goods on their shoulders through the streets. Hence, running away was a common incident; and, as the paternal home offered no asylum to the truants from their masters, they usually went to sea, or enlisted in the army. Manchester at that time was, in the words of Dr. Stukeley, "the largest, most rich, populous, and busy village in England." It contained about 2400 families, in possession of four cumbrous private carriages, one of which belonged to an old lady, who, not reconciled to such new-fangled beverages as tea and coffee, was regaled, when calling upon her friends, with a tankard of ale and a pipe of tobacco!

Next followed an age of greater business, promoted by travelling salesmen, who visited the principal towns with goods on pack-horses, and disposed of them to the shopkeepers. Domestic arrangements also improved. Still, a manufacturer was then a man of note who allotted a back-parlour to his apprentices, with a fire and tea; and he exposed himself to sarcastic remarks from his neighbours, and was reckoned a "fast man," upon inviting a valuable customer to supper, and committing the unheard-of extravagance of sending to a tavern for a pint of foreign wine for his entertainment. This was the state of things while those mechanical inventions and contrivances were in process, or just completed, which originated the factory system, and, together with steam-power, gave wings to a manufacture that had been slowly making its way, like one of the creeping things of the earth.

It was the lot of most of the inventors to work with hand and brain for the profit of others, rather than their own, and to encounter not a little persecution. Thus, Louis Paul, who first conceived the method of spinning by rollers, upon which Arkwright mounted to fame and fortune, was a completely unsuccessful man, and died in obscurity. Even the credit due to him for the conception was withheld from his name for more than a century; for it was not till September, 1858, at the Leeds meeting of the British Association, that a paper by Mr. R. Cole, F.S.A., decisively established his claim to the invention, to the exclusion of all others. John Kay, with his "fly-shuttle," which enabled the weavers to make nearly twice as much cloth as before, was mobbed by the operatives of Bury, in Lancashire, and obliged to quit the town. James Hargreaves, with his "spinning-jenny," which furnished a more adequate supply of yarn than the one-thread wheel, was similarly treated in the neighbourhood of Blackburn. Samuel Crompton, the inventor of the "mule-jenny," who was five years occupied with it in his humble dwelling at the old Hall-in-the-Wood, near Bolton, had to maintain a struggle with poverty all his days, while many accumulated wealth from the offspring of his genius. Unambitious, he took out no patent, and was far too modest either to make free use of the ingenuity of others, or to advance his own claims to notice, desiring merely "to enjoy his little invention to himself in his own garret." But the superior quality of his yarn raised curiosity as to the method



MANCHESTER COTTON PALACE AND FACTORY,

by which it was produced, and finding that he could not long preserve his secret, a few persons were permitted in confidence to see the machine, in order to advise him what to do. Among them was Robert Peel, father of the eminent statesman. He brought with him two mechanics, who knelt down, examined, measured, and mastered the construction. Peel, and the firm to which he belonged, then at the height of its prosperity, rewarded Crompton with *one guinea* collectively, and *sixpence* each was given for the two workmen's measurements. Immediately the partners erected mules in their own factory, upon which the inventor remarked to a friend, with scarcely surprising bitterness, "If Peel, or any of his men, had taken away a rail or any portion of my machine, it would have been a theft; and I cannot but feel that Peel, when he thus came with his workmen and carried away the product of my brain, was a thief too." Sir Robert Peel, when at the head of the government, bestowed a pension upon Crompton's daughters.

Now dawned the present era, little more than three quarters of a century ago, a few of the salient features of which are—vastly enlarged sites of industry; huge many-windowed mills, each requiring the outlay of a fortune to erect it; palatial warehouses, reared at but little less expense; and manufacturers in possession of splendid mansions and immense estates—the oft-called, not the self-styled, "cotton lords." This phrase, not so common now as formerly, over whose birth envy presided, was originally used in an opprobrious sense, as significant of men abandoned to the purest selfishness, who wielded authority over dependants oppressively, with no other end in view than that of wringing for themselves as much profit as possible from their bones and sinews. Evils were inevitably connected with the factory system, as the result of inexperience, with its own rapid and gigantic expansion; while unfavourable examples there always have been, and ever will be, in all large bodies of men. But the class has long lived down the stigma unjustly attempted to be affixed to it, and confessedly comprises numbers entitled to rank as magnates in the land, by wealth, intelligence, influence, and philanthropy. While worthily known for zealous support of every movement for the general good—the founders of public schools and parks, the patrons of painting, sculpture, and every department of the fine arts—they are in command of numerous seats in the lower house of parliament, with one from their ranks in the upper, namely, Edward Strutt, Lord Belper, really the first cotton lord, whose family name is known wherever English cotton goods find a sale, and, stamped upon the great bale, is a sufficient passport for it. The episode in the history of our senate was a striking one, when the late Mr. Brotherton, member for Salford, in the course of a debate, avowed himself originally a factory boy in a cotton mill. Sir James Graham rose as he sat down, to declare that such a statement made him prouder of the House of Commons than he had ever been before—a sentiment received with universal cheering, in which the hereditary gentry of the land joined as heartily as the rest.

It was soon after the middle of the last century

that two men came into association, with names then unknown to fame—Richard Arkwright and Jedediah Strutt, the latter the grandfather of the present peer. Carlyle, in his quaint and forcible way, has sketched the personal appearance of the former. He was not "a beautiful man, no romance hero, with haughty eyes, Apollo lip, and gesture like the herald Mercury; but a plain, almost gross, pot-bellied Lancashire man, with an air of painful reflection, yet also of copious free digestion; a man stationed by the community to shave certain dusty beards in the northern parts of England at a half-penny each." Portraits of him sustain this representation. An original one of Strutt shows him to have had quite a different *physique*. The countenance is remarkable for placid thoughtfulness of expression, a large clear eye, a benevolent smile, characteristic of the man of inventive genius, sound judgment, and kind heart. But Arkwright's shaving was not quite so cheap as above stated, for his cellar at Preston had the inscription over it, "The Subterranean Barber, who Shaves for a Penny." Our somewhat rampant authority proceeds to say that, "in stropping of razors, in shaving of dusty beards, and the contradictions and confusions attendant thereon, the man had notions in that rough head of his! Spindles, shuttles, wheels, and contrivances, plying ideally within the same; rather hopeless looking, which, however, he did at last bring to bear. Not without difficulty. His townsmen rose in mob around him, for threatening to shorten labour, to shorten wages; so that he had to fly, with broken wash-pots, scattered household, and seek refuge elsewhere. Nay, his wife, too, as I learn, rebelled; burnt the wooden model of his spinning-wheel, resolute that he should stick to his razors rather; for which, however, he decisively, as thou wilt rejoice to understand, packed her out of doors. Oh, reader, what an historical phenomenon is that bag-cheeked, pot-bellied, much-enduring, much-inventing barber! French revolutions were a-brewing; to resist the same in any measure, Imperial Kaisers were impotent without the cotton and cloth of Old England; and it was this man that had to give England the power of cotton." Not he alone. Arkwright was a man of unwearied industry and great worldly sagacity, rather than of original genius. His method of spinning had been invented thirty years before he took out his first patent, though not successfully applied. But he improved upon the ideas of his predecessor, Louis Paul, and was materially aided by others in doing so.

No particulars are known of the early life of Mr. Strutt, beyond the fact of his birth about the year 1726, at South Normanton, Derbyshire, where he became a farmer, like his father before him. Having married the sister of a hosier, in Derby, his attention was called to some ineffective attempts that had been made to manufacture ribbed stockings upon the stocking frame. Being possessed of a natural aptitude for mechanics, he readily agreed to assist in the attainment of that object. He soon made himself master of all the curious details of the complicated machine, and at length perfectly succeeded in his endeavours. In 1758, in conjunction

with his relative, he obtained a patent for the "Derby Ribbed Stocking-frame," removed to the town, established an extensive business, and speedily realized considerable property. Arkwright was at this time busy at Preston with the construction of his first spinning-machine, aided by Mr. Smalley, a tradesman of that town, who found funds, and by Kay, the Warrington clockmaker, who supplied mechanical skill. Upon its completion, fearing the violence of the mob, inveterate against all machinery, the three adventurers removed to Nottingham, where they obtained pecuniary assistance from Messrs. Wright, the bankers, with the view of commencing business. But the men of capital became alarmed as to the success of the project, and refused to make further advances. They recommended, however, application to be made to Mr. Strutt, as a man of means, and one whose practical knowledge would enable him to decide upon the feasibility of the scheme. He at once discerned the sound principles of the machine, and expressed the conviction that with some slight adjustments it would spin excellent hosiery yarn—a desideratum in the cotton manufactures of that day—since both the common hand-wheel yarn and the jenny yarn was too soft and loose for making good stockings. It is an *on-dit*, that when Arkwright applied to Mr. Strutt, his machines were much embarrassed by the fibres of the wool sticking to the rollers, an annoyance which the latter engaged on certain conditions to remove. He did so by taking from his pocket a piece of chalk, and applying it to the roller. The defect was instantly remedied. The result was that, with his own partner, Mr. Need, he became a cotton-spinner; and in the year 1771, the firm of Arkwright, Strutt, and Need was constituted.

[To be continued.]

A COMMON SHOP STORY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "UNDER BOW BELLS," "RAGGED LONDON," ETC.

It is a broad line—a very broad line indeed—that divides my barber from all my other tradesmen. I never see my butcher in any other form than that of a greasy-headed boy; my baker may have gone to Australia on a speculative trip, or may have made a private and fraudulent transfer of his business; and my grocer may be, and is, I believe, a gentleman who buys pictures and rides in his carriage. My tea and coffee come and go; my bread is light, and with not more than the usual allowance of alum; my meat is fresh; and I neither know nor care who provides these things, so long as they are fairly and punctually provided.

With far different eyes, however, do I look upon my barber. He is my barber, in the strictest sense of the term, by virtue of a confidence that has been years in growing to its present delightful maturity. No other barber is genuine. Not only has long habit made him familiar to me as a barber, and allowed me to place my face and throat in his hands, without a misgiving, while he performs any upstrokes he thinks necessary with a sharp and glistering razor, but it has brought me into communion

with him as a man and a friend—a friend with whom I have more unfettered, unreserved conversation in the course of a week, than with any one else, except my bosom intimates, in the course of a twelvemonth.

My barber is not "an artist," and his shop is neither a "saloon" nor a bazaar. His business is small, and it is the interest of his customers to keep it so. We wish him every prosperity up to the point where he still will have no occasion to engage a deputy, but not beyond it. No man, for instance, would grieve more than myself, if I went any morning into his humble receiving-room, and found him quite unable to attend upon me in person, in consequence of the crowd of customers who were there before me. Few people care to be made the blocks upon which the crude apprentice or the unskilful workman is allowed to practise. It is one of the hidden mysteries of the barber's trade, as to where the men are obtained who are willing to be mangled for a consideration, and where they retire to between their disfigurement and their restoration.

Our neighbourhood is not calculated to produce any overwhelming amount of business for my barber, even under any possible condition of its future development. It is not a village, and yet it is a village; it is not the metropolis, and yet it is the metropolis. We join hands with the great centre of English civilization, through a long succession of semi-detached villas; we hear the hum of its restless traffic through the day, we see its dotted golden lamps, like spangles coming through the mist at night, and the black dome of its huge cathedral standing like an inverted goblet in the air.

My barber's shop was in existence before our suburb had connected itself with the metropolis, and my barber has taken no pains to alter its original features. A few flabby powder-puffs, a small pyramid of pomatum-boxes, and a glass jar half-full of tooth-brushes, constitute his chief window stock-in-trade. Inside the shop we cannot boast of any luxurious fittings. A circular looking-glass, the faded cast-away of some ancient drawing-room; a common wash-hand-stand, on which is placed the black and cinder-crust shaving-pot; a deal table, on which is a bruised block that always bears the false "front" of some old lady in the neighbourhood, or the equally false "back-hair" of some young one who is treading early in the path of deception; a common shelf, on which is a pile of old greasy black-handled razors; a few Windsor chairs; a newspaper, quite a week old; a long coarse jack-towel for the common customers, and a few finer hand-towels for the aristocracy, form the principal furniture of this humble establishment. The operating-seat, as we jocularly call it, is an old horse-hair arm-chair that has been patched and mended a hundred times. It is provided with a kind of crutch that is fastened at the back, the cross-handle of which, well covered with leather, is made to fit into the hollow of each customer's neck, and support him in one position, as in a photographer's vice.

My barber, personally, is a little timid man, who is afraid to leave his door-step for a moment (except on Sunday) for fear he should disappoint a customer. He is a widower with two children, a boy and a girl.

The girl keeps his little household clean and tidy; but the boy is disorderly, fond of the streets, and will not be broken into the business. I never go out for a walk, but I think of my barber's close confinement. From eight o'clock in the morning, when he opens his shop, until eleven o'clock at night, when he closes it, he is constantly at his post, and he has had no holiday, on a working-day, to my knowledge, except one, for nearly fifteen years.

This one holiday originated with me, and I have good reason to remember it.

"Jones," I said one day to a neighbour with whom I am tolerably intimate, "I think poor Peebles, our barber, ought to have a holiday. He's nine-and-forty years of age, and it's high time that he saw the British Museum."

"Hasn't he ever seen that institution of our country?" asked Jones, in astonishment.

"Never," I replied, "nor yet a variety of other places, except from the outside. He never gets out except on Sunday."

"Ha! true," returned Jones, "I never thought of that; and when he speaks about them, then, he's only talking from hearsay?"

"Exactly."

"Dear me, how singular. But how do you propose to relieve him?"

"By engaging a deputy. A few of us can subscribe the money to pay for this, and all other incidental expenses; and if we tell him firmly and authoritatively that he must go out for a day, he'll not venture to disobey us."

A little further conversation with Mr. Jones, and a few other gentlemen, customers of barber Peebles, soon settled the matter. A small sum of money was easily collected, and the man who had never seen the British Museum, and a variety of other places, was told one morning that a holiday had been prepared for him.

"Oh, thank you, gentlemen, much obliged, I'm sure," said the little barber, nervously; "but—but—oh, dear me! yes, I should like it very much, but it can't be done any way; it can't be done."

"Oh, yes it can, Peebles," we said.

"Excuse me, gentlemen," he replied timidly, "excuse me; there's Mr. Stubble at the Grove, who never gets up till twelve o'clock in the day, and who wouldn't let any one shave him, except me, for fifty pounds; there's Mr. Dodo, the contractor—"

"Peebles," we said, firmly, "we've arranged all this. You've been tantalized long enough by exhibiting bills referring to other people's excursions—High Hill Ferry, Hampton Court and back for three-and-sixpence, United Odd Fellows to South-end, and such like diversions; and now it's your turn to have a day out."

"I'm much obliged to you for your kindness," he said; "but it'll only unsettle me; it will, indeed."

"Peebles," we said, conclusively, "we'll hear no more: you shall start next Wednesday."

The day we had fixed for little Peebles's holiday turned out to be remarkably fine, and the deputy we had hired for him, through a certain hair-merchant, turned out to be remarkably punctual.

The great difficulty was in getting little Peebles off. We had fortunately booked a place for him by the first omnibus to town, as I doubt very much whether, with all our weight of authority, we should ever have prevailed upon him to start. He was only going to be absent about twelve hours, and yet he left instructions enough with his two children to last a year. He looked very suspiciously at the man who was to take his place, and seemed to dread delivering up his flock to be sheared by the possibly incompetent stranger. There was little time left for doubt and hesitation. The omnibus-driver, according to our directions, called for him at eight o'clock in the morning, at the shop door, and he was trotting away before he knew exactly where he was, looking wistfully backwards, instead of hopefully forwards, until the vehicle was out of sight.

The man we had engaged to take his place was stout and red-faced; off-hand in manner, and evidently fully impressed with a sense of his own skill. He knew he was only retained for a day, and he seemed to wish that every one should observe, within that short time, how vastly superior he was to the inferior Peebles, with whom the neighbourhood seemed so blindly satisfied. His style of sharpening razors had a touch of the juggler about it. He tossed the brushes about, as if, although clean, they were not ornamental enough to please him. He shrugged his shoulders at the jack-towel, whistled when he observed the looking-glass, and was quietly heard to say, with the intention of being overheard, "No heintment of the Druids! an' he calls hisself a 'air-dresser.'"

I observed all this during the morning, while I was reading, or supposed to be reading, a newspaper; and towards mid-day I left him to himself, while I went to take my usual walk and my gossip at the reading-room of our literary institution. Much of little Peebles's business had been put off, by arrangement with the principal customers, and the run of shaving never took place until the latter part of the afternoon.

It was considered at the reading-room that, in order to encourage little Peebles when he came home, and pave the way for his taking a future holiday, we ought to exhibit sufficient confidence in the deputy we had provided, to allow him to shave us. Several of us who were in the habit of dining out, and who were rather particular about our personal appearance, really required shaving, and were totally unable to perform that very necessary operation upon ourselves.

Benjamin Franklin would have pitied us; for, from long dependence upon another, we had lost the use of our shaving hands. Others, who were not so particular about having a clean smooth face, could have waited very well until the next morning; but it was generally agreed that it was advisable to allow the barber's deputy to act in every way as if he was little Peebles himself.

Towards five o'clock in the afternoon I went over once more to the barber's shop, and found it in the possession of little Peebles's two children. The boy, aged eight years, who could never be persuaded by his father to take a pair of shears in his hands

for any useful purpose, was busily occupied in cutting his sister's hair, according to some highly fanciful pattern. He had persuaded the girl, who was a year younger than himself, to sit patiently, under a promise that she should cut his hair in return. When I inquired after little Peebles's deputy, the children told me he had just stepped out, neither of them knew exactly where, but the boy rather thought to an adjoining public-house, from which he offered to fetch him.

He was fetched, of course. It was full ten minutes before he came; and when he entered the shop, his face looked very flushed, his eyes very sleepy, and he smelt very strongly of tobacco.

At this moment a strange gentleman came in and took a seat.

"Shave?" asked the deputy, thickly, addressing me.

"I'm in no hurry," I said, not altogether unselfishly, reserving the reproof I was about to administer to him for his neglect in leaving the premises.

"Right," he replied, slapping an open razor wildly, as he supposed upon his hand, but really upon the cuff of his greasy coat. I can polish off forty gents while old Peeblesh ish a lookin' at one."

I was afraid, from his manner, that he was intoxicated, and while I affected to be deeply engaged with a newspaper, I watched him attentively.

"Any party can shave," he shouted, as he mixed a lather in a way that shook the whole shop; "any party can shave, man, but let 'em cuts 'air."

"I'm not in a hurry," said the stranger, mildly, after wincing under the deputy's very vigorous application of the soap-brush.

"P'raps not, shir," said the deputy, slowly, as if giving utterance to a very smart remark, "but y'see I am."

The stranger opened his eyes very widely upon hearing this speech, and I moved about rather uneasily on my chair.

"Call shop a 'air-dresser's?" continued the deputy, contemptuously, half closing his right eye, wrinkling up his nose, and partly putting out his tongue, while he covered the stranger's face with lather; "no washes—no shampoo mix'ure—no bucket de mill-flour—no nothink—bah!"

As he delivered the latter part of this speech, he backed towards a can of hot water, which was standing on a chair, keeping his sleepy eyes fixed upon me, for the purpose, I suppose, of impressing me with what he was saying. Dipping the open razor several times, without looking, down the outside of this can, under the impression that he had given it the benefit of the water, he was returning unsteadily to complete the shaving of the unsuspecting stranger, when I could remain passive no longer.

"You're drunk," I said, starting up, "and I insist upon your leaving this place immediately."

He was preparing a reply, when he was interrupted by the entrance of a middle-aged gentleman, who brought in a child—a little boy—whose head was cropped as closely and unevenly as if it had been under the hands of a prison barber.

"Where is Mr. Peebles?" asked the middle-aged gentleman, hastily.

"He's not within at present," I replied, taking upon myself the office of spokesman, while the stranger was hastily rubbing the lather off his face with the jack-towel.

"I beg yer pardon," said the drunken deputy, pushing himself forward, "I beg yer pardon; Peeblesh is not in, but I am."

"I sent my child over here," continued the middle-aged gentleman, rapidly working himself into a passion, "to have his hair cut. Look at it. I don't know Mr. Peebles—I don't know the neighbourhood—I've only moved into it within the last twelve hours, and this is the treatment I receive through my only child."

"Shir," said the deputy, with an air of offended dignity, "you shent your boy over to common barbersh, an' you don't understan' a hartist's treatment."

The discussion, which now threatened to assume a serious aspect, was broken up in its beginning by the drunken deputy staggering out of the shop, and up the road towards London. I endeavoured to pacify the middle-aged gentleman, with some success, and I was aided materially by several of my neighbours, who came in, according to promise, to show their confidence in our barber's deputy.

We tried to keep this mishap, and several others which came to our knowledge, from little Peebles, but, of course, we failed. He thanked us all round for his holiday, but he never showed any desire to take another. He still hangs up excursion bills of various kinds; and sometimes he talks vaguely of retiring at a distant period. I am afraid there is little prospect of such an occurrence. It is the fate of most men to die in harness, as it is called. That fate I feel certain will also be my barber's.

THE ISLAND OF SARDINIA.

OF all the beautiful islands of the Mediterranean, Sardinia is the largest, the least known, and consequently the least appreciated. It is a common mistake to consider Sicily the larger of the two. Although very properly ranking the first in wealth and importance, Sardinia has a slight advantage as to size. It is divided into two distinct parts—the northern portion, known as the "Capo di Sopra," and the southern, as "Capo di Sotto." Cagliari, which is the capital of the island, and which is, or was recently, in telegraphic communication with England, is in the "Capo di Sotto." Sassari, its rival in importance, is in the northern division.

The country is much diversified; it is generally mountainous, especially in the north; the hill sides are clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation—beautiful woods composed of chesnut, cork, ilex, and wild cherry trees—all alive with wild-boar, deer, quails, partridges, and wood pigeons. In the south and west are extensive plains, teeming with vegetation, and in some parts highly cultivated. Here may be seen vineyards and groves of olive and orange trees. At one place, Milis, the traveller may ride for miles through orange groves

The hedges in this division are entirely composed of the cactus *opuntia*. But amidst all this—and it is a very serious *but* indeed, in Sardinia—the low and marshy lands in the neighbourhood of the plains are ill-drained, and for months during the hot summer the exhalations are fearfully fatal to strangers, and frequently dire in their effects even to the inhabitants themselves. For this terrible reason Sardinia was regarded with horror by the ancient Romans, who nevertheless profited greatly by its fertility; and it became at once one of the granaries of Rome, and likewise a place of exile for its refractory inhabitants.

Perhaps one of the most valuable attributes of Sardinia is the size and beauty of its bays. Nelson particularly valued it on this account. His name is held in legendary reverence in many parts of the island, but most especially in the little islet of “La Maddalena” in the north, where in the church are to be seen two massive silver candlesticks, bearing an inscription to the effect that they were a gift of our great British naval hero.

The political history of Sardinia is not wanting in interest. It was originally peopled by colonies from Phœnicia and Greece, and traces of its origin may still be seen alike in the dress, language, and manners of its inhabitants. Moreover, there are, scattered over the whole face of the country, to the number of several hundreds, certain wonderful erections called “Nuraghe or Nuraggi.” These are in various states of preservation, and are more or less intricate; but they are of prodigious strength, generally conical or circular in form, and have taxed the wisdom of the wisest to divine their use or trace their origin. They are, however, generally considered to have been places of sepulture to the earlier colonists.

During the middle ages, the possession of Sardinia was long and bitterly contested between the rival republics of Genoa and Pisa. When the resources of each were well nigh exhausted, the difference was referred to the Pope, who immediately bestowed it on James of Arragon, to be held as a fief to the see of Rome. From Spanish rule it succeeded to that of the house of Savoy and Piedmont, in the person of Victor Amadeus, in 1720, who took the title of King of Sardinia. It has, until somewhat recently, been governed by a viceroy, and certain other government officials elected at Turin every three years. The sons of many of the highest Sard families serve in the Piedmontese army; and they have, moreover, a mounted militia of their own, than the costume of which nothing can be more wildly and exquisitely picturesque.

Sardinia is but thinly populated. The Sards are of middle stature, robust, well made, of dark complexion, with some rare exceptions in the northern district. They have strong intellectual capabilities, though rarely cultivated; they have an enthusiastic love of their country, which they seldom leave; are active when under excitement, but indolent as a rule; extremely kind, and singularly hospitable. They are by no means wanting in courage; and though, from lack of numbers and proper organization, they have always been de-

pendent, yet have they never tamely submitted to oppression, but have shown a decided front against it. These finer qualities are counterbalanced by cunning, and, when roused to anger, an insatiable thirst for revenge.

Books might be filled with the wild stories and traditions of “Vendette.” A whole district in the “Gallura” in the “Capo di Sopra” is inhabited by banditti—who in their mountain fastnesses have ever defied government, or who, for some rash deed of vengeance, have fled from the laws they have violated—men who would not hesitate to plunge a dagger to the hilt in the bosom of a foe, but who would tend the helpless or the stranger with the greatest care, and guard him with their lives. A strange mixture of brutality and excellence is found in them. Sards, owing perhaps to bad roads, so general in Sardinia, are excellent horsemen and bad pedestrians. The breed of horses is much attended to. Even in the cities, men following the most peaceable avocations are almost invariably armed with a dagger, and when travelling carry a gun. Pistols are used only by gentlemen. The religion of Sardinia is Roman Catholic, but is at the same time mixed up with strange and wonderful superstitions of their own.

The noblemen of Sardinia are chiefly of Spanish descent. They are gentle, courteous, well-bred, and sometimes well-educated. These, of course, follow as nearly as possible the continental fashions of the day. Shepherds and cultivators, though sometimes far richer than the old Spanish families, and occasionally possessed of vast flocks and herds, wear the highly picturesque costumes peculiar to their calling. In the towns also, each trade has its distinctive dress, and each village its peculiarity. The gala or festive dress is generally costly, the ornaments being of pure gold; and these descend from one generation to another. The customs of the Sards, as well as their costumes, are so peculiar, that we reserve an account of them for a separate paper.

Cagliari, the capital, is a very ancient little city. It is splendidly situated on a hill, rising about 400 feet above the level of the sea, and commanding a very beautiful bay. It has a population of about 26,000 people; possesses a cathedral, nearly thirty churches (not very fine ones), a university, public seminaries, etc., etc. Its streets are narrow, somewhat dirty, very steep, but (except for two hours in the middle of the day, when everybody goes to sleep,) filled with busy people, following their avocations before their doors. Carpenters, tinmen, shoemakers, and tailors may generally be seen busily at work; pretty young women will be spinning with a spindle and distaff, or picking corn for the domestic donkey to grind in the most primitive and ancient of mills, with which almost every poor Sard's dwelling is furnished. The best Italian is spoken at Cagliari among the higher orders. The Sard dialect is very beautiful, being a mixture of Spanish, Latin, and various Eastern languages. In some parts, however, almost pure Spanish is spoken, and in others almost pure Italian.

[To be continued.]

THE NEW RIVER AS IT IS.

THERE is a popular idea that the narrow channel known as the New River, and familiar to most London residents and visitors as a pleasant grassy-banked winding stream, supplies all the water sent out in the name of the New River Company. Great as Sir Hugh Middleton's work was, and perfect as he left it for the time in which he lived, there have been a number of enlargements, additions, and improvements since the year 1633. The last work, just completed under the compulsory provisions of certain sanitary Acts of Parliament applying to metropolitan reservoirs of water, has destroyed about a mile of the glistening river, which for two centuries and a half has given a rural appearance to Clerkenwell and Islington. This "length," as the engineers call it—reaching from the New River Head, near Sadler's Wells, to the Lower Road, Islington, near the Green—has been drawn off into an iron pipe nearly four feet in diameter, covered up with earth, and buried from the public gaze. A local proposal has been made to raise a statue in honour of Sir Hugh Middleton—one of England's earliest engineers—and Sir Samuel Morton Peto has generously offered to give a noble figure, if the inhabitants of Islington will provide a worthy pedestal. If the statue was ever required upon Islington Green, it is certainly required now, when it is impossible to run down into Colebrooke Row, and say, "If you seek for his monument, look around." This part of the old clear channel, in which thousands of city youths have fished and dabbled, is now something like a mixture of a sewer, an open dry ditch, and a rope-walk. While the vestries and the proprietors of the river ground are debating what shall be done with this reclaimed space, undecided whether it shall be left to remain as it is, be planted as a garden, or thrown into the public highway, it may not be uninteresting to give a statistical summary of what the New River really is. We have gathered the facts, as they now stand, from the Company, and they show us that the "river," which is popularly regarded as the great storehouse of water, is only one of many reservoirs and conducting channels. The importance of this undertaking is still as great as it ever was, for it supplies one half the water used by London, or as much as the other eight water companies put together.

The sources of supply are now the old Chadwell spring in Hertfordshire; the River Lea; four artesian wells at Amwell, Cheshunt, Hampstead Road, and Hampstead; the Cheshunt reservoirs and seven ponds at Highgate, with another seven ponds at Hampstead, from which a supply of unfiltered water is drawn by a separate system of mains, for street watering and other purposes. In addition to these, there is the old river channel, originally forty-eight miles long, (some writers say sixty,) but which has been reduced, at different times, by loops having been cut off, to twenty-eight miles. This is fed by the main waters and the Chadwell spring.

The company have forty-one reservoirs, (counting the river channel as one,) used for different purposes, having altogether an area of 215½ acres, and

being capable of storing more than four hundred and sixty-seven millions of gallons of water.

Those used for store and settling reservoirs are:—

	Gallons.
River Channel, which has capacity to store about	117,000,000
Two reservoirs at Cheshunt, which can store	75,549,375
One at Hornsey	39,000,000
Two at Stoke Newington, formed in 1833	130,000,000
The Round Pond, the old reservoir at the New River Head, Clerkenwell	2,162,500

Those reservoirs used as store-places for filtered water, and covered over, according to Act of Parliament (except the first, exempted because of its distance from London,) are:—

	Gallons.
One reservoir at Hornsey, formed in 1830, which can store about	1,140,000
One at Hornsey Lane, which can store	75,000
One at Highgate	1,180,000
One at Hampstead Heath	617,100
One at the Green Lanes, Stoke Newington	1,944,000
Two at Maiden Lane, Highgate Hill, formed 1855	14,520,000
One in Claremont Square, Pentonville	3,679,000

The filter-beds having a capacity to store water are:—

Three at Hornsey, which can store about	1,178,000
Five at Stoke Newington	6,807,200
Three at the New River Head	3,178,200

The storage for water supplied for purposes not requiring filtration consists of:—

Six ponds at Highgate, and seven ponds at Hampstead, which can store about	66,701,250
And one reservoir near Camden Square, which can store	2,100,000

All this together makes a total of 467,131,625

The sand area of the eleven filtering beds is—

Three at Hornsey	2 acres
Five at Stoke Newington	5 "
Three at New River Head	2½ "
	9½

There are ten engine stations: at Amwell, Cheshunt, Tottenham, the Green Lanes, Lordship Road, New River Head, Hornsey, Hampstead Road, Hampstead Heath, and Highgate, at which there are eighteen engines used for pumping, having together the power of sixteen hundred horses. One thousand horse-power of this force is at the Green Lanes station. At Tottenham, Hornsey, and Amwell, there are also water wheels to give assistance in pumping, arranged with the engines for the working of fifty-one pumps. These gigantic resources serve to supply London with about twenty-five millions of gallons of water every day, or nine thousand millions of gallons annually.

The division of the supply now stands as follows:—

Gallons.
350,000,000 consumed annually for trades.
45,500,000 for flushing sewers, and other sanitary purposes.
15,000,000 for putting out fires.
90,000,000 for street watering.
And about 8,400,500,000 for domestic purposes.

About 108,000 houses are now on the company's books as having a supply; and the town district supplied has an area of about 17 square miles. The highest point to which the supply is given is

454 feet above Trinity high water mark; and none of the water is drawn from the Thames.

The distribution of this supply is made by about 600 miles of cast-iron pipes, ranging in diameter from four feet to three inches. The tenants' communication lead pipes, which branch out from the company's iron pipes, have an aggregate estimated length of 1500 miles. In the company's iron pipes there are about 4500 sluice cocks of diameter ranging from three inches to four feet. About 11,000 fire-plugs have been fixed, and are maintained at the company's cost, and water is supplied gratuitously to more than 1000 fires annually. About £100 is also paid yearly by the company, in rewards to persons who are first to call turncocks to fires. The clerks, workmen, and superintendents number about 300 men.

In consequence of a fire at the company's old offices in Dorset Street, Fleet Street, about 1769, which destroyed nearly all the books and papers connected with the undertaking from its commencement, no reliable materials now exist for estimating the cost of the old works as left by Sir Hugh Middleton. One old writer upon London (De Lanne, 1681), says: "It was begun February 28th, 1608, and finished in five years. It has 800 bridges of stone and wood, and in some places is thirty feet deep. It employed six hundred men." We need hardly repeat the well-known story of Middleton's labours and difficulties of his partnership with King James I, and of his final retirement, into what some historians call poverty, and others plenty. For some years after its opening, the property was unremunerative, and in 1636, King Charles I gave up the royal claim to one half of the undertaking, on account of the unpromising aspect of the Company's affairs. As a consideration for this act of royal generosity, Sir Hugh Middleton undertook to pay £500 every year into the exchequer. The property was divided into 72 parts, or shares, and the company was incorporated by a royal charter. The proprietors consist of two classes, and they derive their distinction from the original division of the property, when the whole was separated into two halves, each being composed of thirty-six shares; one half being designated the King's, and the other the Adventurers'. The whole property is freehold, and the shares being made divisible, many of them are subdivided into several different parts. The direction of all the company's affairs is exclusively vested in the holders of the adventurers' shares, as Middleton precluded King James from the management, although he took the royal money to complete the undertaking. In 1821, the company's capital was estimated at £986,868; in 1852, it was increased to £1,519,958; and in 1854, the additions required for improvements under the different Water Companies' Acts of those years, had swollen this sum to £2,410,100. The income in 1859 was £189,734—£177,760 from water rents, and £11,974 from lands and other sources. The expenses in the same year were £128,822, leaving a net profit of £60,912. This sum, when divided amongst seventy-two proprietors, looks like a mountain by the molehill "first dividend" which was paid in 1633, at the rate of £11 19s. 1d. per share.

VARIETIES.

TRUST IN GOD.—Thirty years ago, before the Lord caused me to wander from my father's house and from my native place, I put my mark upon this passage in Isaiah, "I am the Lord; they shall not be ashamed that wait on me." Of the many books I now possess, the Bible that bears this mark is the only one that belonged to me at that time. It now lies before me; and I find that, although the hair, which was then dark as night, has meanwhile become "as sable silvered," the ink which has marked this text has grown into intensity of blackness as the time advanced, corresponding with, and in fact recording the growing intensity of the conviction, that "they shall not be ashamed that wait for thee." I believed it then, but I know it now; and I can write *Probation est*, with my whole heart, over against the symbol, which that mark is to me, of my ancient faith. "They shall not be ashamed that wait for thee." Looking back through the long period which has passed since I set my mark to these words—a portion of human life which forms the best and brightest, as well as the most trying and conflicting in all men's experience—it is a joy to be able to say, "I have waited for thee and have not been ashamed."—*Dr. Kitto's "Bible Illustrations."*

THE PRINCE CONSORT'S FATHER.—My father was one of those rare men who combine with great powers of intellect, energy, and administrative capacity, such amiable qualities of character as cannot but win the suffrages of all. Against a mind of his class it was impossible to make perpetual opposition. This rare man—who, indeed, was prominent for the excellence of his gifts among the sovereigns of the time—eventually overcame the difficulties rising on all sides, and, without touching upon the cardinal points of the old charter, swept away ancient abuses, and instilled a fresh and more vigorous life into all branches of the public administration. He laid the basis for everything good and noble which it was left for me to build upon; and for the material prosperity now enjoyed by the dachy the people are, above all, indebted to him. He knew how to put the right man in the right place; how to meet improper opposition with an iron will; and, at the same time, how to care with a feeling heart for the interests of the lowest of his subjects. In the full sense of the word, he was the father of his people, and during the continuance of his reign the Duchy of Gotha was a model of patriarchal government, with a well-meaning and highly intellectual sovereign at its head."—*Duke of Saxe Coburg's Letter.*

DEATH OF THE KING OF THE GIPSIES.—The death of Charlie Blythe, who amongst his kith and kin bore the designation of "Charles the First," has been the cause of great grief in the gipsy community at Kirk Yetholm, a small village on the Scottish border, and throughout the surrounding district. For centuries Yetholm has been the abode of a colony of gipsies, who now number about two hundred families, and who still possess all the peculiarities of that remarkable tribe. When one "king" dies, a successor is chosen, the monarchy being an elective one. Johnny Fa', the late king's predecessor, reigned upwards of fifty years, and died at the good old age of ninety-six, whilst Charlie Blythe was gathered to his fathers in his eighty-sixth year.

RAILWAY PLEASURE TRAINS.—"Pleasure traffic," as at present conducted, is too often a wild and reckless neck-or-nothing race after the half-crowns of the poorer classes, and without scarcely a thought being entertained as to the safety of their lives and limbs.—*Daily Telegraph.*

TRUE PATRIOTISM.—Our patriotism, like charity, ought to begin at home. The man who begins by loving his home and his family, and then loving his town, should love his county, and then he will love his country. So far from this local attachment narrowing the minds of men, and confining and debasing their attachments, they are the real and true, the stable combinations for those enlarged and honourable feelings which attach men to the nation and country to which they belong.—*Lord Palmerston, at Dover.*